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# THE MAYANS

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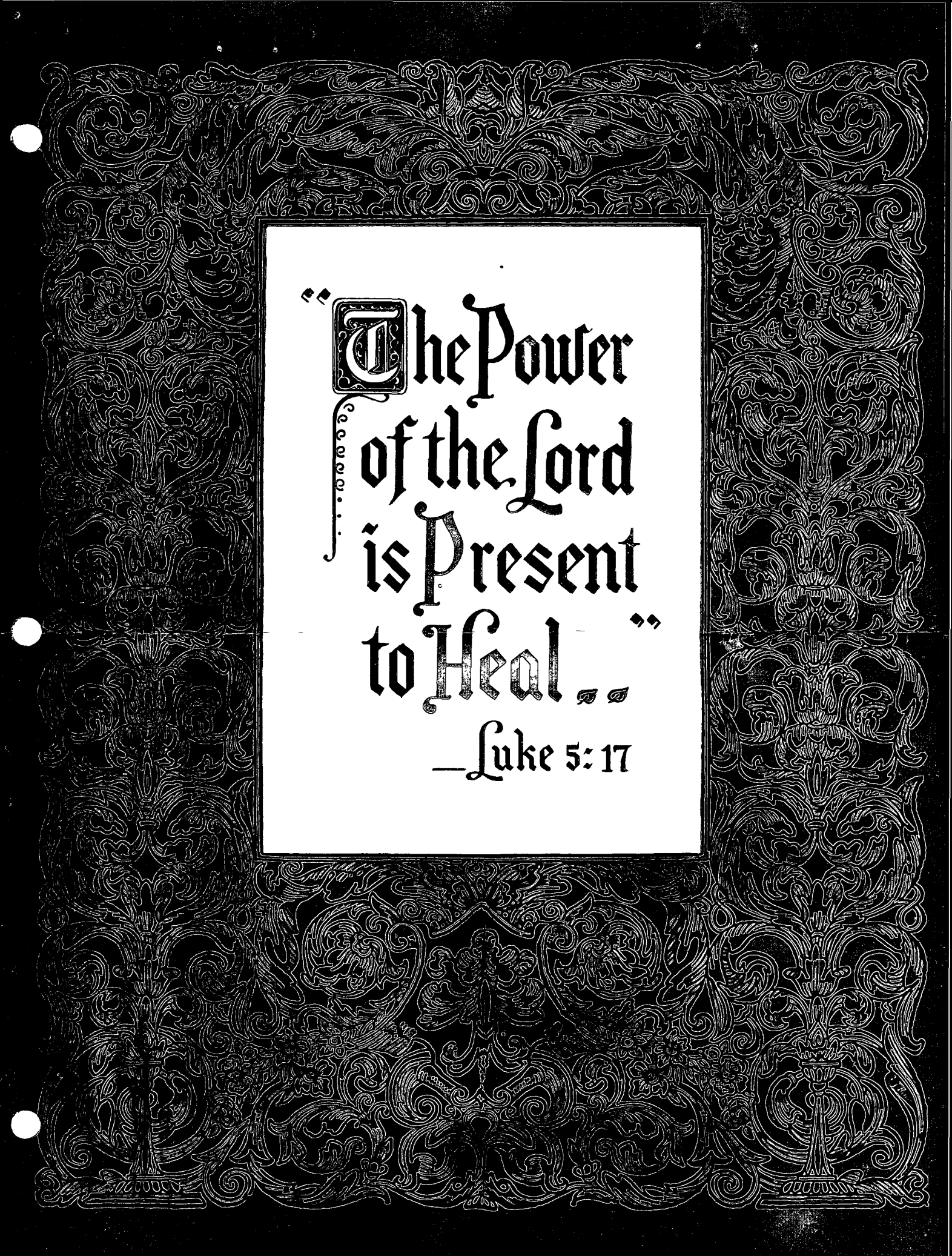
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“The Power  
of the Lord  
is Present  
to Heal.”

—Luke 5:17

A LITTLE SONG BY ISAIAH

Chapter 35

Strengthen ye the weak hand, and confirm the feeble knees,  
Say unto them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not;  
Behold, your God will come; ... he will come and save you.

Then the eye of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the  
deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the  
dumb shall sing;

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the  
desert.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with  
songs and everlasting joy upon their heads;

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall  
flee away.

Revelation Number 64

ISSUED TO MAYANS STUDYING IN  
THE 4TH AND 5TH DEGREES

THE HEALING POWER OF LOVE

**B**eloved Companion:

Love stretches forth a beautiful healing hand. Its power comes trickling down from Divine Heights like dew-drops from an apple tree in blossom. The mind grows strong through recuperating faith in an atmosphere where pure affection blazes white like the flame of an altar candle and the will of the spirit masters the body.

Love brightens and warms and makes life whole. It heals wounds, removes afflictions and gives breath to hopes, aspirations and physical attainments that could not otherwise be reached here below. It has healing power like the sun; or a meadow in golden bloom; or the carol of a skylark singing as he soars over a glorious meadow.

Luther said: "Love is an image of God, and not a lifeless image, but the living essence of the divine nature, which beams full of all goodness." It definitely has a soothing, a strengthening, and a rebuilding power, and the heart that is full of it is full of God. That makes it invaluable as an aid to the rejuvenation of a sick world.

Do not many teach that God is Love?

Are we not told that His affection was so strong for the world that He suffered His only begotten Son to bear the cruelties of the cross that the sins and sorrows and afflictions of others might be healed? Christ came as a Great Physician from on High to correct, to adjust, to build up and to cure. Love was back of every miracle that He performed ... it was the strong, unfailing power that has scattered the glorious seeds of His great Ministry throughout all lands, growing beauty wherever there was soil rich enough to sprout Faith.

The fine, strong thread of affection that draws hearts together can draw physical as well as spiritual strength to the aid of an invalid and heal with a power that is in reach of everyone who believes. It is something very substantial that can build life, expand the mind, and give new vigor to the body. Love is not only delicate and savory food for the heart, it is a healthy diet that helps sustain our physical being.

People have actually starved for the lack of it; they have withered and died where its cheering flame went out.

Shakespeare said: "Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind." And the mind is akin to God. His presence is in it and it is in Him, and it builds red blood and strong tissues, as sure as the air contains oxygen and plants vitamins. The world couldn't exist without a love deep enough and strong enough to hold back the evil currents of anger, hate, jealousy and strife. A breath of love has been known to revive a spirit and bring back hope with the flush of vigor where all seemed to be lost.

Who has not read that beautiful masterpiece, "The Broken Heart"? It was founded upon tragic facts connected with the execution of a bold young Irish patriot. The bereaved young lady involved, who had enjoyed perfect health, simply pined away like a rose in a vase without water; her loveliness perished; the bloom left her cheeks; the radiance that flashed in her eyes dimmed out forever. She sickened in body as well as in spirit because that love upon which she had fed was gone, and love has something to give as substantial as the finest food. It has life-giving power.

We have all been witness to both its waxing and its waning effects.

A war-bride was informed by the War Department that her soldier husband was "Missing in Action". The months rolled by and she waited with a light burning at the window. Something was dying within her as surely as if she had contracted some deadly disease. Her friends became alarmed, and the physician studied the case and treated it without success. Then one night footsteps were heard on the front porch. The door was opened and in rushed the man thought to be dead. The effect on the wife was better than any medicine ever sold in a drug store. Her prayers were answered and, just as a prairie is refreshed by a summer shower, love put a healing force in action that immediately brought back health, strength, and beauty.

Many instances have been related, by physicians themselves, in which patients who would not respond to medical treatment at all, reacted to whispers of love and were healed. On the other hand, it is not unusual to learn of some young person whose affairs of the heart went on the rocks and, as a consequence, she faded and died like a neglected plant.

Love that flows out and meets the affection of another is a well-spring of health. Someone said: "Take away that love, and not physical nature only, and the heart of the moral world would be palsied."

There is a lesson in this for everyone; there is a beautiful study for men and women everywhere. Here it is: Love, like wisdom and the other precious gifts, is a thing that the more of it you give, the more of it you have left to give. The call is ever being made to healthy people for blood to sustain life in cases where a transfusion is necessary. Everyone, of course, cannot give blood for physical reasons. They have not the strength or the body perfection that is necessary. But everyone can help mend broken hearts and restore impaired health with generous transfusions of Love.

What can Love do in healing?

Listen to Mrs. L. M. Child, a talented and deep-thinking writer:

"The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie

in that one word, 'Love'. It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us, it gives the power of working miracles if we will."

There is an illuminated high point in this lesson. It teaches service with an affection of the heart; a love, akin to the Master's who died for us. The "Divine Vitality" is yours to use, yours with which to bless, and the supply is inexhaustible. It is plentiful in every normal heart. It awaits the will of the mind to become a miraculous power, a "radium emanation" that will rebuild, restore, what has been dissipated. It will strengthen the lines of resistance and burn out, with a beautiful flame, the disease cells of hate.

It is not just a mood that lengthens and shortens and changes with a breath like the flame of a candle. It is a vital spark with healing power. Just as a love-wound leaves an ugly scar, a love balm gives a glow of perfect health that is the finest medicine in the world. Broken love vows are more dangerous than broken ribs. Christ healed with Love. He had compassion on the widow who had lost a son (Luke 7:13) and because His heart was full of love and compassion for her, as it was full of love and compassion for all people, He raised that son from the dead and planted a thousand blooming flowers in a poor woman's heart.

His wondrous affection, His true devotion, His pity for the bruised and sorrowing supplicants, moved His heart, and with that great God-love that is ours for the asking, He performed miracles. The blind were made to see and the lame to walk. David in the 146th Psalm said: "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help."

You can have Him for your help by contacting Him through prayer, through meditation, through faith. You can become an applicant for a measure of His Love and heal with it just as Christ did during that ministry which did more to banish hate from the world and set new stars of Love in the sky, than all the kings and prophets and saints from Abraham to Malachi. We can find no approach to the sanctuary of God that is easier to enter than through the gates of Love. When we put our hand in His, and with zeal and faith and affection strive to drive ills, and sorrows and afflictions out of the land, we will meet with great success.

Love is a gift from Heaven. It came with a smile on a holy night two thousand years ago. It came like a flash against the gold of a setting sun. Angels attended its coming; wise men saw its healing need in a world sick from selfishness, hate, tyranny, and the negative forces of disease and wickedness. It made the musical notes of life clearer, sweeter, dearer and purer than mortal ear had ever before heard.

Jesus performed few miracles to show His God-power. Sometimes He even asked that the thing He did be kept a secret from the multitude. It was Love for humanity, the Love of a father for his children, that prompted Him to act. John, Chapter 13, first verse, said: "Having loved His own, which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." All humanity went happier to its tasks because of that healing affection, that balm, which was like a cool morning zephyr to a hot and restless brow.

There are deep draughts to be drawn from the inspiring lessons of Love.

They bind us with cords of gold. Remember what Christ said in John, 15th Chapter and 12th verse: "This is my commandment, That ye Love one another as I have loved you." It was because He loved much that He healed much. His affection was like the wandering ocean wave that kissed the sands on every shore of the world. It left joy everywhere.

Jesus gave His life for Love. When He expired on the cross the Greatest Messenger that ever glorified the healing power of God on this earth passed beyond our mortal vision. But He was the recipient of a great restoring force that is centered in Divine Intelligence and every believer in God can reach out and touch the hand that still provides that power. With Love, with prayer, with meditation, with Mayan teachings and Mayan faith, you can heal. Remember that fruitful promise that has never been recalled: The works that I do shall ye do also, - and greater works than these shall ye do."

If you can rely upon God you can rely upon that promise. It is as genuine as the beams of the full moon that stream down to kiss the roses in your garden. Christ was a spokesman for God, a representative of the Power of Love, and He said: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."

Those were not the words of a politician seeking votes; they were divine promises better than the gold bonds of any nation. The speaker was one who lived like a nobleman and died like a God. All the world is richer because His healing power is our healing power. The source that was tapped to perform the miracles and opened the eyes of the blind, is eternal, and you can find it. Companion Grace Harmon, of Wichita, Kansas, found it, and as you have read before, her mother-love for that stricken daughter brought new hope, life and joy to one whom medical science had pronounced incurable.

"Love lifted me," declared the old gospel hymn we used to hear at the little church in the wildwood.

Yes, and it is a power that can lift the whole wide world. It can heal the trusting and true who turn to it with the faith of Mayanry. It is healing somewhere every day on God's great earth with fields white for the harvest. Humanity in its weary, tired and sick condition can find refuge in the restorative power of Love. It will react "like a golden flower coming back to bloom."

Just as surely as hate poisons the system and weakens the organs, drawing healthy energy from them, Love has an invigorating, building power that gives new life like the gentle rain that nurtures the growing plants. Encourage it, Beloved Companion, let it flow into your heart like water from a blessed river.

We see the curative power of Love in the yellow gold of a Spring day. A healing kiss is given to the meadow, and flowers spring up through the dead, dry grass. The rosy cheeks of health throb on every side; leaves whisper of restorative vigor and vines climb heavenward. There is a resurrection song on the lips of each flower, and life in the throats of singing birds.

Winter has turned aside with its cheerless days, its ills and discontent. The earth is well again, blooming in full beauty, showing us a miracle wrought through God's love.

It would be hard to measure the great help affection gives in treating the

sick and afflicted. God's power intervened to save the two babies of Mrs. John McNeely, whose story appeared some time ago in Daily Meditation. But it was surely her Love for them, and her faith, that sent out the call that brought the help from Universal Mind, the center of all power. The world hears often of the beauty of mother love. It radiates from the heart like pure white light from an evening star. It gives off a fragrance as sweet as a morning zephyr stealing through blooms. It is as pure as a virgin's prayer. It soothes the fevered brow; it heals with its magic breath; it sets activating forces to work that bring color to the cheeks, sparkle to the eyes and regularity to the heart.

Does the mother love yield when the doctor shakes his head and closes his medicine chest?

Ah, no!

The mother takes hold then; the Great Physician is called in and she kneels humbly beside the sick bed and pours out a prayer as beautiful as a cherub's smile. And for that Prayer of Love there is a willing ear at the throne; there is a heart beating with sympathy inside the Eternal Gates, when a mother's prayer is made to the Father, beseeching His healing power for her child.

It seems that you may listen and hear a whispering voice say:

"Fear not ... thou hast found favor in Heaven!"

Hope that has met the evening adieu with a tear welcomes the morning star with a smile. A weary mother who has prayed and loved, and loved and prayed, with sweetest faith, watches the light break through the black fog as it is swept out to sea.

You have wrestled through the night, feverish and fretful; you have tossed and tumbled from one side of the bed to the other, sick and miserable, trying to find a comfortable position. It seemed that the day would never come. But finally there was a pale pink in the East which grew brighter and brighter until the hill-tops were covered with gold. Then your mother came tip-toeing into the room to see if all was well. She sat on the edge of the bed and drew her soft hand across your brow. Her fingers were soothing; her voice was like medicine; her little morning prayer was a poem out of the deep-springs of the heart, and almost instantly you felt better. There was healing power in that beautiful Love.

With such magnetic affection penetrating the darkness out to the frontiers of the world; with that faith in the prayer whispered there, thrown like moonbeams over all continents, what good might be accomplished in the name of Mayanry! What happiness would ring through the world with the melody of the little church bell in the little home town!

Love is a commandment, as binding as any in the Bible. Do you remember in Matthew, Chapter 22, verses 35-39, where the lawyer asked Jesus: "Master, which is the greatest commandment in the law?"

Jesus answered, saying:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart ... that is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor



as thyself." What a beautiful Paradise in a Valley of Pearl we would have if this, the last great commandment, was obeyed everywhere. There would be no strife, no injuries, no injustice ... and no cruel wars to rob mothers of their boys.

Hate has brought on pestilences which cut God's people down with blades of cold steel.

Love has watered the sweet blooms of life like a rain that brings freshness to the desert. It acts as a healing force on our own bodies, but it does more than that ... Every breath that it gives to the world helps cure the sorrows and ills and diseases of humanity. In the atmosphere of Love, anger, and strife, all the evil forces that harm and tear down the human body diminish in their power to attack the mind, and thereby the body, which is obedient to the mind. Love sets up an action in the system that makes the blood circulate more freely, sends oxygen where it belongs in the tissues, prevents body waste, and has physical properties that react favorably. These add to its healing power. Love brings a serenity that builds, while hate brings a passion that burns and destroys.

Love radiates not only as a spiritual but as a physical influence. It puts a gleam of health in the eye; it stimulates like medicine without that reaction which generally brings greater waste.

The force that rules the spiritual world today is not "fear of God", as is sometimes claimed. It is "love for God", the morning-glory blossoms of that affection which radiated from a heart fine enough to lay down life for friends.

These thoughts, these hopes, these principles, are the foundation stones upon which rest the pillars in the temple of Mayanry. We recognize the justice, the glory, the true value of love, - not merely as the passion of a passing moment, but as something permanent, substantial, and strengthening in the physical world. God sent Christ to bless and heal, and like the doctor who comes into your home, He brought His chosen "drug" with him, - Love, fresh from the Apothecary of Heaven.

"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds." So said David of his God in the 147th Psalm. This healing was the offering of an imperishable Love. It was a gift from a soul big enough to forgive and forget all human frailties. There had been disobedience; there had been desertions from the true faith; there had been sin of every conceivable character. Yet God's great love rode on with the wild and reckless herd. He withheld destruction; He turned from His anger, and He healed with an affection as deep as the waters of the seas.

Again and again the hand of the Almighty was stretched forth to His people and they were given strength. But again and again they returned to their idols. Love restored them to favor; Love saved them from pestilence; Love tried to lead them into pastures green and beside waters that were fresh; Love undertook to establish them upon the hills of beauty and in the valleys that were sweet. It has always searched for tasks that needed to be done. It has healed and it stands ready and willing to heal. It has planted flowers of faith; it has lighted the true way with golden stars. Mayanry teaches it as a power with wings strong enough and beautiful enough to glorify the civilization of the world. It permeates the atmosphere of Mayan principles like the smile of a graceful daughter sweetens the environment in a clean little home.

If there is any one thing that is pure, and cleansing

and healing in the world, that stands out stronger, and clearer and higher for the good than all others, it is unselfish Love, a tonic, a balm, a blessing that beams like a mighty light on the star-crowned mountain. Sweet is the story of the Love of Jonothan and David; forever fresh, Ruth's plea: "Entreat me not to leave thee"; touching the devotion of the women who were the last to turn from the cross where the Saviour died.

Gems of pure affection set in gold ... are these.

Christ, the greatest of all lovers, said: "You and the Father are One." As you are within Him, He is within you, and as He loved and healed, you can love and heal. The Miracles He performed, you can perform. He has said so. With His Love in your heart, and His faith in your mind, you can work as One, believe as One, have affection as One and heal as One. Any who doubt this should remember that it is not a mere myth brought with the dust of centuries upon it ... it is a promise, a pledge, a voucher with the royal seal of Heaven attached.

Those who read the story of a little girl in an issue of Daily Meditation must have been deeply touched by one sentence: "I can go out to play." None should cloud the beauty of such a sweet thought. It would be like planting thistles in a bed of violets. How hearts bleed when they see little children who are unable to "go out to play". As Jesus loved them and blessed them, we should Love and bless them, using every Mayan means to help them, to heal them.

It is often asked: "What may I do?"

You can make your own Love a force, a missionary, a power in the community where you live. YOU CAN MAKE THAT LAST GREAT COMMANDMENT OF THE MASTER'S YOUR PLATFORM AND STAND UPON IT, AND WITH IT CONTACT DIVINE INTELLIGENCE TO TAP RESERVOIRS OF THE INFINITE FOR AUTHORITY TO HEAL. No day passes but that somebody feels the blessed effect of someone else's Love and prayer.

If you could but know what is being done for mothers with boys far from the protecting influence of home, you would be remembering someone too and, on your knees and out of a heart running over with Love, you would be offering a prayer for someone's safety. There is so much that Love and Faith can do, and Oh, such a little time to do it.

Love was commended by Jesus as the last best treatment after other things had failed. It was given as an imperial Golden Rule to a people who had failed to compose their differences and mend their stubborn ways. With the power of healing went the admonition to make Love one of the conditions of healing. Its psychological effect upon us is as great as the soothing influence of a mother's lullaby on her restless baby. It is something of God brought to earth in full, glorious beauty that holy night at Bethlehem.

We live to some extent by affection. It is a sacred fruit that feeds the soul. We are strengthened by it as the tree receives new leaf and life from the outpourings of the sky. It lifts up, enervates, pacifies and transfigures. It is a healing power that may be used successfully in making this a better world in which to live and ours a brighter civilization.

The greatest benefit to be hoped for in unfolding wider the golden wings of Love, is not merely the restoration of some neighbor's sick child. That is a beautiful desire, the thought of a princely mind. But Love, universally accepted as a principle, as born in the bosom of Divine Intelligence, if scattered as wide as the flower fields that grow around the earth, could save millions of lives doomed every decade or so by war. It is hate that slays a nation's pride and glory on a battlefield. It is hate that breaks millions of hearts and takes the sunshine out of homes all over the world. It is hate that shatters minds, poisons lungs and sends boys blind and crippled down a darkened highway.

You can see that there is much for Mayans to do and, in the field of healing, let not the Power of Love be overlooked. It is something of God, and can act with God, to save life and limb; to light new fires of Hope; to ring bells of joyfulness throughout the earth. Love should be added to society's "devotional exercises". It is as important in education as the multiplication tables or domestic science. The world pants for love "as the hart pants for the water-brook."

Our public schools teach more of the mind, more of the spirit, and more of Love. With the failures experienced in statesmanship and in medicine we ought to be able to see the importance of developing Love of mankind and the Healing Power of Love, with which to conquer hate and disease. Love should be the handmaiden of Faith and the Companion of Prayer.

The closer you get to God the stronger will be your healing power.

The devotion of Christ for the people was drawn from God the Father. The coals of affection glowed red and radiant before a miracle was performed. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten so to redeem it from sin, and that Love was transmitted to the Son with the power to heal, and all Mayans are shareholders by Christ's own words in that power.

Love may dwell like a Princess in the Mind, and influence it for the greatest good, and the body, being subservient, will obey the Master with happy results.

Love is not only a tonic supplied by the Great Physician, but it has a place in the social life of every community that has felt the touch of even the wing-tips of Civilization.

There is a city where the fumes from the smelting plants kill the vegetation. Not a flower may be seen there; not a vine turns its tendrils towards the regal sun in its golden chariot; not a green leaf is seen on a tree that God has grown. There is plenty of money in that city; business is always good there, but you wouldn't want a home there. You wouldn't want a home beyond the sound of a church bell or the resonant peal of an organ. You wouldn't want to live in a land where it meant death to speak of God; where prayer was prohibited.

We love America, all of America, from Alaska to the Isthmus, where we are free to worship as we please; we love our neighbors and are glad to have them come and visit us. We love the flag, the great Constitution, our Charter of Liberty, and we love the capitol city which is the second home of every citizen. We love the birds that sing in the trees by the door, flitting in and out of the windows. We love the happy school children that pass down the street filling the air with gay laughter.

Ah, Love is a great thing; - a wonderful healing balm.

It takes part in our everyday living. It is like the perfume of the lilac, the wind that cools our brows, the stars that come out at eventide and look down upon us out of eyes of gold. What a great place it has in human affairs. How it draws us towards God. Love, the darling child of the heart, our sweetest gift.

David said: "Some trust in chariots and some in horses." But he sought strength in the Love of the God of Jacob.

That strength which was available to the King of Israel is available to everyone who chooses to call upon God today in his high and holy temple. Let your heart be overflowing with Love, and remember that "A faith that surpasseth understanding works instant miracles to perform."

Love God, Love your neighbors, Love the world ... seek and gain that companionship and that Power which is stronger than anything on this earth. You can heal with it, and make many happy.

THE MAYANS